I care not what, ſo it be wholſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſſing good; I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you ſhall haue the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſerie:
Go get thee gone I ſay.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet Kate, this kindneſſe merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Miſtris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:

Mu

Much good do it vnto thy gentle h
Kate eate apace; and now my hon
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers h
And reuell it as brauely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and go
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardin
With Scarfes, and fannes, and doub
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and
What haſt thou din'd? The Tailor
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling
Enter Ta
Come Tailor, let vs ſee theſe ornam
Enter Haberdaſ
Lay forth the Gowne. What newes
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſ
Pet. Why this was moulded on
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap
Away with it come let me haue a big
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this do
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſha
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may haue
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no
Your beetera haue indur'd me ſay my
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop you
My tongue will tell the anger of my
Or elſe my heart concealing it will b
And rather then it ſhall I will be free
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in
Pet. Wh thou ſaieſt true, it is a p
A cuſtard coffen a bauble, a ſilken p
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not,
And it I will haue, or I will haue non
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come Ta